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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

The Parson's Sabbath Breaking.

On the grave of Parson Williams
The grass is brown and bleached,
It is more than fifty winters
Since he lived and laughed and preached.

But his memory in New England
No winter snows can kill;
Of his goodness and his drollness
Countless legends linger still.

And among those treasured legends
I hold this one a boon,
How he got in Deacon Crosby's hay
On a Sunday afternoon.

He was midway in a sermon,
Midst orthodox on grace,
When a sound of a stout thunder
Broke the quiet of the place.

Now, the meadow of the Crobys
Lay fall within his sight,
As he glanced from out the window
Which stood open on his right.

And the green and fragrant haycocks
By acres there did stand;
Not a meadow like the deacon's
Far or near in all the land.

Quick and loud the c'aps of thunder
Went rolling through the skies,
And the parson saw his deacon
Looking out with anxious eyes.

"Now, my brethren," called the parson,
And he called with might and main,
"We must get in Brother Crosby's hay,
'Tis our duty now most plain!"

And he shut the great red Bible,
And tossed his sermon down,
Not a man could run more swiftly
Than the parson in that town.

And he ran now to the meadow,
With all his strength and speed;
And the congregation followed,
All bewildered in his lead.

Ha! not often on a Sunday
Such a sight as this, I ween,
Of a parson and his people,
A New England town had seen.

With a will they worked and shouted,
And cleared the fields apace;
And the parson led the singing,
While the sweet rolled down his face.

And it thundered, fiercer, louder;
And dark grew east and west;
But the hay was under cover,
And the parson had worked best.

Not a moment had been wasted;
The rain was falling fast,
As the parson and his people
Through the village breathless passed.

And again in pew and pulpit
Their places took, composed;
And the parson preached his sermon
To "fifteenthly," where it closed.

When the services were ended
The people talking staid,
And among the sternly pious
There were bitter comments made.

And the good old Deacon Crosby,
A meek and godly man,
Hardly dared rejoice, his haycocks
Had been saved on such a plan.

But the parson came down, striding
In haste, the narrow aisle,
And the deacon's best old shoulders
He patted with a smile.

And he said, "No fear, my brother,
Let God think it a sin;
For he sent the sun to make your hay,
And your friends to get it in."

STORY TELLER.

A VAGABOND.

Jimmy Gayle sat on the pine straw with his back against a tree, and looked about him. It was a dry, bright, dusty day of autumn, with a burning sun and a cool wind. October had passed through the woods with her torch, and set the branches on fire; and in spite of the glow of noon, there was a feeling in the air of the slow approach of winter.

Meanwhile, Jimmy's hand-organ rested on the ground beside him, and the attendant monkey gambolled as far as his chain would allow. But Beppo had that amiable and patient disposition, common to monkeys, which seems to lend itself readily to a monotonous life, and seeks to alleviate it by a hundred little pranks.

He seated himself on a stump, and began to munch a raw onion that he held in both paws; wrinkling his wizened face in an agonized way as he bit into the odoriferous bulb. Then, to add variety to the repast, he flung the onion on the ground, and pitched headlong after it from the stump. Then he tried holding it with his hind-paws while he ate. Then he discarded it altogether, and scrambled toward Jimmy, at an awkward run unpleasantly suggestive of a human being on all-fours. Then he made a futile grab at a passing fly—examined his empty paw cautiously, and stuffed it into his mouth with a foolish simper.

But the onion was the beginning and end of all things and he always returned to it with unabated interest. He had a self-conscious air, perhaps the result of his public career; although, indeed, the monkey is the only animal capable of expressing self-consciousness. The others are supremely indifferent to the opinion of mankind.

But Jimmy was not thinking of Beppo. He threw off his battered hat, and ran his hands through his hair. "This is good," said he; "it makes me feel young."

It had been many a year since he had set his feet in this corner of Mississippi; but the face of nature does not "grow out of all knowledge," as towns and people do. The spot looked as young as when his eyes first beheld it.

"Must be gettin' old," he mused. "I didn't use to like the thought of home—seemed to me like bein' tied down to one spot, an' drudgin' there all your days."

The "voice of the highway" had always called strenuously upon Jimmy. He was a born vagabond, and a hum-drum, respectable life would have been unspeakably irksome to him.

He had married early, and, to please Annie, his fresh-cheeked young wife, he had stuck manfully to his trade of tin-smith.

But when she died, leaving a year old child, the obligation seemed to be dissolved, and he began to lead a roving life, picking up odd jobs here and there, and falling into the slouching gait of the tramp.

Mrs. Orane, the widowed sister of his wife, had little patience with him. "You ain't fittin' to have the charge of a child," she said. "You give Liner to me, an' I'll take care of her. If you kin made out to do it, you'd better send me some money, now an' then, to pay for her clo'es—not that I count much on your doin' it," she added, severely.

Since then, Jimmy had been a wanderer. He had seen many cities, and known many hardships; but had always managed to pick up a living—and, after all, how much better it was than being fettered by all sorts of rules!

At last, one day in New Orleans, the bright idea occurred to him to buy the hand-organ and monkey of an Italian who was anxious to sell. Jimmy had tried to drive a sharp bargain on the plea that the monkey, as well as the hand-organ, was "second-handed." But the Italian maintained stoutly that Beppo was as good as new, and would not abate his price by so much as one cent.

It proved to be an excellent investment, for Jimmy went into the rural districts where monkeys and hand-organs were exciting novelties, and the public ear is not sated with constant repetitions of the "Gobble Duet," and "Good-by, honey, I'm gone."

At whatever cluster of houses he stopped he was sure of an admiring audience, and Beppo always handed his gaudy cap back to his master quite heavy with small coin. It was Beppo who made the performance a success, for the children shrieked with delight as he hobbled about, cap in hand, his tail protruding absurdly from his scarlet skirt.

So Jimmy had made money, and, strange to say, had saved it.

In his vagabond life he had taken little note of time, and now, when he stopped to think, he was startled to find how many years had reeled away.

"I'm gettin' on in years," he said to himself, with a pang.

Was the day to come when his ears would be too dull to hear the voices of the highway, his limbs too feeble to follow, even if he heard? Somehow, he wanted to get "home" again, and, by this token, he seemed to feel the first chill breath of approaching age.

He wanted to see Lina, his daughter, who must be "nigh onto twenty-year," as he phrased it.

"Folks said we were a mighty handsome couple," thought Jimmy. "I don't see no women nowadays that've got red cheeks like Annie had. I wonder if Liner favors her, now she's grown."

After he had seen his daughter, he would take the road again, to earn more money and save it, as a provision for the old age that seemed advancing. "Pears to me like I can't see as good as I did," he muttered, getting stiffly on his feet, and passing his hand across his eyes.

He felt sluggish, and the organ seemed to weigh more heavily on his back than of yore. He gave the monkey quite a paternal smile, as the creature scrambled up on his shoulder. Jimmy was fond of animals, and Beppo had been a companion to him.

He was still some distance from Palmyra, his native village. His usual plan was to pass the night in the house of some good-natured countryman; carrying his knapsack the daily supply of food for himself and Beppo.

A day's tramp brought him near Palmyra, and he began to realize that

it was illness, not age, that was pressing upon him.

How his feet flagged! But it was not far off—not so very far—and Lina would nurse him now that he was sick.

He wondered if many changes had taken place in the village. He could see, in fancy, his sister-in-law's prim little house, painted yellow, with brown shutters, the neat little white fence, and, in the yard, the Cape jasmine bushes, the rosy crape-myrtle trees, and the mimosa spreading its feathery branches like a sunshade.

How well he remembered that genteel, chilly parlor of hers, with the horse-hair furniture; the fireplace blocked up with a screen of gaudily flowered paper; the long-faced clock on the high mantelpiece, flanked by two large pink shells; a blue vase at one end, and at the other, a white plaster deer that had very black eyes, a red nose, and highly arched eyebrows, which gave it an expression of perpetual surprise.

Jimmy knew these adornments by heart. He had conned them over so often on those long, dull Sundays, that he and Annie had spent with Mrs. Crane, in the old days.

Well, here he was in Palmyra at last. It looked very much the same. There was the court house with its sky-blue dome and the tall clock-tower; but he could no longer tell the hour, at such a distance. Everything was dull and quiet. A few horses were tied at a rack facing one of the saloons, and some men were sitting in front of the weather-beaten stores. An ox-wagon crawled along the street, with a tattered negro driver trudging beside it, cracking his whip, and shouting encouragement to Brandy, Whiskey, Logan and Red. Another wagon was stopping at the grocery, and one of the oxen was lying down, dragging the yoke heavily on the patient neck of his mate.

Jimmy had to pass the church on his way to his sister-in-law's house. How was transformation! It was freshly painted and had stained-glass windows, quite like a city church. Something was going on inside—perhaps a wedding. As Jimmy stopped and rested his organ on the banquettes, with Beppo on top of it, the bridal party came forth.

The bridegroom wore a look of sheepish joy. His boots and his hair shone alike with an oily lustre. His pantaloons were not quite long enough, and his frock coat was too short in the waist—clearly he was a village beau. The bride was robed in thin white muslin, lavishly trimmed with cheap lace. A wreath of white artificial flowers bristled around her pretty, rosy face, and she wore clumsily-fitting white kid gloves; but nothing would vulgarize the shining of her deep brown eyes.

A crowd of young people followed her, the girls at light, fresh dresses and bright ribbons, and with them an elderly woman in a gown of some wiry gray stuff. Jimmy recognized his sister-in-law.

"Lord! she ain't changed," he thought; "got just the same sharp look under her eye. She ain't grown no older—just dried up."

The bride turned and addressed her as "aunt."

Jimmy's heart gave a great thrill of pride. This was his daughter, this young lady! He and Annie had not had such a fine wedding. He felt like rushing up to her, and telling her he was her mother.

But at this moment, one of the girls said, quite audibly:

"Jimmy, just look at that horrid man. I feel right scared of him."

Jimmy shrank back. No doubt, his tangled hair, and eyes bloodshot with fever made him an unpleasant sight. This was not the time to press his relationship with Lina. He would get a night's lodging somewhere in the village, and "sorter fix up" before going to his sister-in-law's house.

He paused at a small cottage on the edge of Palmyra. Of old, the Lemons had lived here; but when he knocked, a strong face appeared at the door.

"Kin I get a night's lodgin' here?" "Kin you?" repeated the man, stepping hastily back, and speaking with angry sarcasm. "Not much, you can't, with them spots all over your face. The country's full of small-pox; but we haven't had none here, an' we don't want none. So you clear out, an' don't be givin' it to other folks."

The Mayor won't allow you in the town," he added, with the pitilessness of terror.

He slammed the door, and retired, calling: "Almirey! you Almirey, fetch me the camphire bottle."

Jimmy turned away, with a swelling heart. He was an outcast, then—Jimmy Gayle, who had been always welcome among his wandering companions, and had been called a good fellow. But he would ask nothing more of any man, he said to himself, as he toiled along—whither? He scarcely knew.

He came to an empty cabin, standing not far from the road. It was a poor enough place, and the floor would make a hard bed; but at least it would be a roof over his head.

He grew worse and worse.

"I believe I'm dyin'," he muttered, "an' I never got home, after all."

He tried to frame a prayer, and fix his mind on pious things. But all he would think of was the green-and-white church where he had gone to Sunday-school. The picture rose before him of himself seated on a bench, swinging his bare feet. The back door stood open, and his thoughts went wandering out like lost sheep—past the great clump of Cherokee-studded thick with white roses, and the bloomy hawthorn hedge, across the green fields, to the great woods where there was a glimpse of bright running on and on. With what a tinkling voice it called upon him to follow! His Sunday-school teacher wore wonderful flowers in her bonnet, and used some sweet kind of scent on her handkerchief. He never knew his lessons, and she used to shake her head at him, and hold up Tom Parker as a model of good behavior, as she put down a bad mark after Jimmy's name. The little shrill voice of the children, singing the hymn, rang through his head. How still it was, this Sunday! It seemed as if even the birds knew what day it was, and kept quiet. Only the children's hymn and the reedy pipe of the melodeon floated out of the window, and rose toward the sky.

He came back with a start.

"Yes—I'm dyin'," he said, in a parched voice. He fumbled at Ron-poo collar. Why should he keep the poor little beast with him, to starve? He could live a life of liberty in the woods. At first, Beppo did not realize the fact of his freedom; but continued to frolic aimlessly about the hut.

Jimmy's bleared eyes followed him, with the anxious hope that he might stay. But Beppo had discovered the door—he hesitated on the threshold for an instant—and was gone. The man sobbed aloud. Now, indeed, he was alone.

Then he forgot himself in heavy dreams, through which the outside noise of birds and insects pierced dimly. He thought that Lina was a child again, and her little pattering footfall was echoing on the bare floor. The sound was so real that his eyes sprang open.

It was Beppo. Affection for his master was scarcely the power that had brought him back. It was rather because he had been bred in close quarters, and did not comprehend, as yet, the wide liberty of woodland life. More than this, all that his brute instinct knew of home and food centered in Jimmy: so he had come home to be fed.

Jimmy tried to thank God for releasing him from the terror of utter loneliness. He thought to himself that he would feed Beppo once a day so that the creature would stay with him, as long as the food in the knapsack lasted.

But he would drift away into stupor again, and half-arousing from it, would fancy that another day had come, and it must be time to feed Beppo. In reality, the period of his suffering was not long; but what an eternity of misery it held!—of fever, of pain, and the agony of thirst searing the parched and swollen throat.

Beppo scrambled about the floor, playing with sticks and straws, and chattering to himself. Sometimes he would try and catch the scaly-backed lizards that darted away over the rough boards with a husky, rattling noise. Now and then, he would run to his master's side, and pass his black paws over his face, grunting: "Out, out!" Sometimes he went out; but always returned.

Jimmy had become very still. The monkey's clever paws were rummaging in the knapsack.

The sky was deeply blue, and the sun was smiting the withered fields and ruddy forests with all its burning might. Through the hot silence thrilled the note of the locust.

Jimmy opened his eyes. Every-thing swam before them in a dark mist.

"It's gettin' night," he whispered, his lips scarcely forming the words.

The vagabond's wanderings were ended.—Chicago Current.

The Coming Wife.

The coming wife will endeavor to fit herself before marriage for the duties and responsibilities which she must assume. To be able to fill her place worthily and nobly requires at least some thought, study and application. If she intended to adopt one of the learned professions, could she expect to succeed with no previous study? Hardly, and yet nine-tenths of the girls of the period will marry, and perhaps become the mistresses of cosy little homes, with hardly the first conception of what their real duties will be. No doubt, in a majority of cases, the mothers are to blame. They think the knowledge of cooking and house-keeping generally will come naturally to them when they once are established in their own homes; but these mothers little think what trouble and unhappiness may result from such a lack of knowledge. The old saying about the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, is a true one. Every man who possesses domestic tastes (and they nearly all do), likes to have the domestic machinery run smoothly, and if the young wife has a fair knowledge of plain cooking and possesses the convenient and estimable quality which we New Englanders call faculty, no serious clouds will darken the domestic horizon.

The coming wife will perfect herself in all the small details of life which go to make up the grand whole. It is not absolutely necessary that she shall be an elaborate cake-baker—she can learn that gradually, as she must many things in housekeeping—but she will understand the art of making good, sweet bread, both white and graham; she will know just how to make light, wholesome muffins and corn bread for breakfast, and she will know how to cook the potatoes, so that they shall be white and mealy, instead of wet and soggy; she will broil the steak so that it shall be tender and juicy; she will fry delicious breaded cutlets, so that her husband shall hardly know they were cut from the infant bovine which once gambled in his native meadows. At the same time she is doing all this, she will be enabled, with the faculty before mentioned, to have the rich, clear coffee made, and the table neatly laid for breakfast, which should be the principal meal of the day. Of course she will, the previous day, make provision for cream enough for the morning coffee, so she will hand to her husband the clear, amber fluid, greatly enriched with the modicum of yellow cream, which will even make a poor cup of coffee palatable.

Of course the coming wife will have brains with which to engineer this complex domestic machinery. No woman can make a good loaf of bread or cake without giving it her mind as well as her strength. The reason so many of our servants fail as cooks is they have not the intelligence required for the art. In a fifteen years' experience with servants we have never yet found one that could cook oatmeal and fry potatoes at the same time; one or the other must become a burnt sacrifice.

The coming wife will be sure to let system become a part of her daily life—not for a week or a month, but continuously. She will not make a slave of herself to system, but she will know that work systematized is work half done. Of course, she will rejoice in a strong and robust constitution. A judicious mother has reared her in such a manner that aches and pains are unknown. As a child she has romped and played in the open air, she has communed with nature in all her moods, perhaps to the extent of soiled hands and clothing, but she has also stored up treasures of health and sown seeds of strength which shall bear an abundant harvest in the future. Her clothing has always been suitable, her ribs have never been contracted with tight corsets, her feet have never been deformed with boots either too tight or loose. She has been taught the use and purpose of every physical function, and she enters her new life ignorant of nothing that she ought to know. She is firm, self-reliant and sensible. In short, she has never been coddled. She has been taught that, after she enters womanhood, her life is in her own hands, to round into a "perfect woman, nobly planned." She will know that this life is well worth the living; she will look on the home as the dear earthly type of a better home in Heaven. She will know that the

sins committed here must be answered for hereafter. She will not look on maternity as a curse, to be avoided if possible, but she will welcome the God-given little ones as her best and dearest jewels.

At the same time, in her happy, busy life, she will find time to read the papers and keep herself posted on the current topics of the day. Amid her manifold duties her nature will not grow selfish and contracted, her social duties will not be neglected, and she will even find time to visit the sick and afflicted, and her cheery presence will brighten many a dark hour like a ray of sunlight.

Her busy brain will ever be at work for the good of her husband and her children, and her home and her household will ever be the grand central light around which lesser lights will glow. For, after all, what mission in this world can supersede that of the old-fashioned wife and mother, who holds high her husband's honor, and loves her children and their welfare better than all outside honors the world can bestow.

She will be healthy, high-minded and intelligent, and the children of such a mother cannot fail to fill their places in the world with honor and credit. So, from the coming wife will spring a race—grand, pure and true—who will scorn everything mean and vile. Of course, the husband selected by this discriminating young woman will be perfectly adapted to her. They will be fully in sympathy in everything that is wise and judicious, and the tact and good sense of both will enable them to avoid the shoals on which so many lives are stranded, and so many homes sacrificed.

The coming wife, in her intercourse with those of her own sex, will be sure to converse of things, and not of people. Scandal and gossip will not be of her daily bread. She will select her friends from among high-minded and intelligent women, thus she will keep her heart forever young. And a lovely old age will creep on almost imperceptibly, and she will be a comfort to her children, and her children's children and "they shall rise up and call her blessed." And when the summons shall come to go up higher, she will hear His voice say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."—Helen N. Packard, in Good Housekeeping.

CURIOUS ORIGIN OF DAKOTA'S NAME.

In an article in the March Cosmopolitan on "The Home of the Blizzard," Joel Benton gives the following curious explanation of the origin of the name of Dakota:

The territory of Dakota is, in many respects, the most interesting grand division of our country's domain. For a few years it has occupied more attention than any other. No state or territory, certainly, has ever risen to such rapid and surprising importance.

The origin of its name has been the subject of some dispute; but the best Indian authority, a dweller for forty years among the Sioux Indians, makes the word an abbreviation of Pa-ha-Sota, which means "many heads, or plenty." The affix "Sota" always means "plenty" in the Sioux language. In the work Minnesota, it means plenty of water, the appropriateness of which designation is made manifest when you consider that the state bearing that name is two-thirds land, the remaining one-third being water. What the many heads were that gave to Dakota its title I do not pretend to say from actual knowledge; but I suppose they were the heads of buffaloes. Nothing could be dearer to the Indian than this game; and here they abounded. Their "countless trails and wallows are still to be found on every hand, . . . not to speak of the elk, deer, and antelope," specimens of which have survived the buffalo's practical extinction in the territory.

The name Dakota is still etymologically apt, although the quadrupedal game has so diminished, for its many heads of wheat have made it familiar and famous in all the markets of the world. Dakota, however, has in other ways been a sort of synonym of multitude or vastness. Its acres are still many, although the whole of Montana and a part of Idaho have been taken from them. To speak of them in square miles conveys to most people anything but a definite idea; and perhaps it is not easy to suggest adequately an idea of the territory's size. But, if the reader has a tolerable idea of the size of New

York and of Pennsylvania, he will still have to add Ohio, Massachusetts, and Connecticut to them to equal the area of Dakota as it now stands. And, even with this comparison, there will be a remainder left over.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

If the hair is thin, shingle close and apply strong warm sage tea every morning, rubbing well, for about three weeks; the hair will come in thick in its natural color.

Turpentine is very useful. A few drops sprinkled where cockroaches congregate will exterminate them at once; also ants, red or black. Moths will flee from the odor of it.

To clean bottles, put into the bottle some kernels of corn, a tablespoonful of ashes, pour it half full of water, and, after a vigorous shaking and rinsing, you will find the bottle as good as new.

Chloride of lime is an infallible preventive of rats, as they flee from its odor as from a pestilence. It should be thrown down their holes and spread about wherever they are likely to come, and should be renewed once a fortnight.

The whites of eggs are more easily beaten into froth if slightly salted. Never put salt into soap, when cooking, until the soap has been thoroughly skimmed, as salt prevents the scum from rising. Salt will curdle new milk, and should never be added to milk porridge until the porridge is ready to be served.

Nice beef tea is made with good beef. Cut off every bit of grease or tallow, and cut the beef into little bits and put in a wide-mouthed bottle; cork or tie a cloth over, and put into a kettle of cold water. When the juice boils out, turn it all off into a glass or cup, season with a little salt and pepper; give a little at a time to one who is very weak. The meat can be used for soup, or for other purposes, or well.

Always keep some ammonia in the house. A few drops of it poured into hard water makes the water soft to the hands as silk, and this water takes the dirt off of paint more quickly than any other, takes the stains out of carpets better than anything else, cleans combs and hair-brushes, and makes gold and silver look as good as new. A good quantity of ammonia in the water is also a very safe substitute for any soap known in washing blankets, which, hard to wash at the best, are ruined if soap is directly used upon them.

Rules for Family Peace.

First—We may be quite sure that our will is likely to be crossed to-day, so prepare for it.

Second—Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and, therefore, we are not to expect too much.

Third—To learn the different temper of each individual.

Fourth—When any good happens to any one to rejoice at it.

Fifth—When inclined to give an angry answer to count ten.

Sixth—If from sickness, pain or infirmity we feel irritable, to keep a very strict watch over ourselves.

Seventh—To observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to their wants.

Eighth—To watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.

Ninth—To take a cheerful view of everything.

Tenth—In all little pleasures which may occur to put self last.

Eleventh—To try for the soft answer that "turneth away wrath."

Twelfth—When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves, "Have I not often done the same and been forgiven?"

Thirteenth—In conversation not to exalt ourselves, but to bring others forward.

Fourteenth—To be very gentle with the younger ones and treat them with respect.

Fifteenth—Never to judge one another, but to attribute a good motive when we can.

Sixteenth—To compare our manifold blessings with the trifling annoyances of the day.—Toronto Mail.

"This is capital age," said an old toper; "see how long it keeps its head." "Ay," said a bystander, "but consider how soon it takes away yours."

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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We have received the Report of the Wisconsin Institution for the two years ending September 30th, 1886. There have been 241 pupils connected with the school during the second year, the largest attendance ever enrolled. Both the girls and boys are given instruction in gymnastics. Superintendent Swiler, speaking of the "Oral Method," makes known the fact that the Wisconsin Institution was one of the first among Western schools to adopt articulation, and at present one-fourth of the teaching force is applied to oral work. Every effort is made to give instruction in articulation to all who are capable of being benefited by it. Referring to the assertion of the "pure oralists" that the signs tend to retard the education of the pupils, he says:

"Some have said that the oral method cannot be successfully carried on in a school where signs and the manual alphabet are used. We are prepared to affirm, without fear of successful contradiction, that all deaf children, either in their own homes or in any school, even the 'pure oral,' will use signs, and it is our belief that a fair comparison by any impartial person, or set of persons, of any oral class in this school, with one that has been taught in a 'pure oral' school, for the same length of time, will not result unfavorably to the class taught in the combined school. And, moreover, that the advantages of the combined, or eclectic, system, as compared with the 'pure oral,' are so great, that the limited range of the exclusively oral method is more than made up for by the incomparably greater than any loss sustained by association with other deaf persons in school."

"Our oral pupils compare favorably with others, and there is abundant proof that the good offices of the expressive, descriptive, thought-suggesting sign language more than compensate for some lack of opportunity to use spoken language during the early years of the school age. There are so many things about which a child should get correct ideas when they are first brought to notice, that if all attention were given to the manner of speaking, other important points must be neglected. The child's eyes must be opened; he must be taught to observe with precision form, color, characteristics and relations of common objects. His memory must be exercised, his vocabulary enlarged, penmanship acquired, and a rapid, accurate use of figures obtained. I know the value of articulation, but I know the difficulty in acquiring it, and, were it a gift for my bestowal, how gladly would I impart it to all! But I also know that, were we to disuse sign spelling and the power of illustration, our usefulness as a school would be much impaired."

The teaching of articulation cannot be very well understood in London, if the subjoined paragraph be true. It is an extract from an article in the March issue of the London Deaf-Mute World.

"We are sorry to say in South London we have met with a great number of deaf and dumb children, who are being taught 'articulation,' and are not permitted to 'sign.' Some have been at school two, others three, and one four years, yet not one of them can understand what a stranger might say to them. And as for their knowledge of well, the less said about it the better. For we do not wish to shock the teachers, whoever they may be, but we cannot refrain from informing our readers of one thing, and that is, not one of them can write their name correctly, cannot articulate to make those of the sharpest understand them, and directly they leave school they converse to one another by a sign language of their own. Never once have we seen them articulate to each other, but in every case use signs. So much for the wonderful system of the future."

Here, in America, we have any number of examples of successful teaching by the articulation method. It is true, however, that all are not taught by a single system. The deaf-mute children are not measured on any Procrustean bed. The deaf-mute is not expected to fit the system, but the system is made to suit the deaf-mute. Only those showing an aptitude for oral instruction are taught by that method. Moreover, such a deplorable degree of ignorance as "not being able to write their names correctly," is unknown in the case of any deaf-mute, who has been to a school for even the short period of six months.

ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. Willie Sawhill has signed a contract with the Zaneville, O., Base Ball Club.

Isaac R. Carney, of Woodstown, N. J., was in Philadelphia on Wednesday week.

There are a good many mutes employ at the Steel Mills in Homestead and Danquene, Pa., one mile from Braddock.

Mr. Gus Christ, of Scranton, Pa., returned home last week from a flying visit to his relatives in Elmira.

J. M. Stout, the champion bicycle rider of New Jersey, who has been the guest of C. B. Barnett in Lansing, Mich., for the past three weeks, left for Chicago this week.

Almos Smith, of New Boston, N. H., recently sold 150 barrels of apples at \$2 and \$2.25 per barrel. They were principally Baldwin's grown in the orchard on his farm.

Misses Katie, Alice and Edward Reddy, also Miss Mary Castle, of Newburyport, Mass., are going to Boston some Sunday to attend the new Catholic Deaf-Mute Society.

Miss Maggie O'Neil from Morris Run, Pa., who has been on a month's visit to her classmate, Miss Nellie L. Bennett, in Elmira, went to Baltimore on the 21st inst., where her sisters live.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breen, of Philadelphia, will rejoice to know that their home has been brightened by the advent of a little daughter, which arrived on Thursday, March 17. Mother and child are doing well.

Miss Jane M. Campbell, of 10 Trinity Street, Houston, Tex., would be glad to learn the whereabouts of Miss Maria Cook, a former pupil of the Philadelphia and New York Institutions. Her home was in Mobile, Ala.

George W. England, of Troytown, Pa., has worked in a coal pit with his father, at the Hogg's Bank, near Brownville, since last August. Another deaf man was employed with him, named Josiah Furnier, of Roscoe, Pa., while working for the Stockdale Coal Co.

Measles have struck us (Nebraska Institution) and while we do not expect any serious sickness, the disease is very unpleasant to have in the house. There will be nothing left for us to take next year, for we have had about everything now, except small pox.—*Mute Journal of Nebraska*.

We see it stated that the New York legislature for the mutes of Northern New York. We don't see the necessity for this school, as there is already one in that section, at Malone, and it is not by any means crowded as yet, having less than sixty pupils.—*Kansas Star*.

[The Institution benefited by the above-mentioned bill, is the one at Malone. No other institution for deaf-mutes is contemplated in Northern New York.]

A recent issue of the Woodstown (N. J.) Register of last Tuesday, says: "The Mayor's office building was removed last Saturday to the new lot secured for its reception on Dickinson Street. During the morning Samuel Carney, who superintended the work, with the assistance of a number of volunteers, got the building ready for the rollers and after dinner with the help of more volunteers it was shoved out into the street and taken to the new location. Among the men at the rollers were Israel A. Hewitt, Jos. Nicholas, I. B. Coles, Isaac R. Carney, of the Register office; Samuel Fisher, Martin Carney, Chas. Anderson, Lewis Mattson, Henry Green, Charles Shull, Wm. Walters, Harrison, Snellbaker, Robert Darlington and Frank Carney. Mr. Samuel Carney is the father of Isaac R. Carney, a well-known deaf-mute printer. Martin and Frank are brothers to Isaac."

Confirming Deaf-Mutes.

The front pews of Christ Church yesterday afternoon were filled with about fifty deaf-mutes, who had come to see the rite of confirmation administered to two of their number. The rest of the church was empty, and an unusual silence reigned beneath the high-vaunted roof and seemed to increase the habitual gloom of the place. But, although a blind man would never have suspected it, an animated conversation was ceaselessly kept up, and quick, dramatic, oftentimes wild, gesticulations kept the eyes of the uninitiated constantly interested by their suggestiveness of a dozen different meanings. To judge from their faces they were utterly unconscious of any sense of misfortune, but there was something pathetic in their childlike impetuous actions. It was a little past 3 o'clock when Bishop Tuttle, accompanied by Dr. Schnyer and the Rev. A. W. Mann, a deaf-mute missionary who conducts a Sunday School in connection with the Church, entered the sanctuary. The usual preliminary prayers were read aloud by the pastor, while Rev. Mr. Mann followed him with signs, which were watched attentively by every one present.

At the proper time the postulant, a young lady named Emma Schum and Minnie Vasei, advanced to the altar where the Bishop performed the rite, giving the responses in the sign language.

At the conclusion of the ceremony Mr. Mann preached a long sermon on the "Sacrament of Confirmation," explaining its meaning and exhorting his audience to remain firm as Christians to the end of their lives, when the reward promised the faithful would be theirs in a land where hearing and speech would be given them for aye. The Bishop, after going into the vestry, returned to the front aisle and held a silent reception; each person advanced and was presented by Mr. Mann. They were of all ages, from a little child 4 years old to people past middle age, about two-thirds of them being women, and the Bishop, not being able to converse, could only bestow a warm hand-shake and a friendly smile on each. It was near 5 o'clock when the silent congregation departed.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*, March 14, 1897.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

The "Lit" Meeting.

ODDS AND ENDS OF NEWS

Of No Particular Importance.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Some years ago, a new feature was added to the exercises of the Literary Society in the shape of what is called the "Senior Debate." This debate takes place between the members of the Senior Class during the second term of the college year, and is usually very exciting, as the debaters are aware that this is the last debate in which they will engage during their college days. This year, however, the Senior Class consists of but two students, and only one of these is a member of the "Lit," so in lieu of the debate, last Friday evening, Mr. Cleary, our solitary senior member, read an essay, his subject being "Mexico." The essay was full to overflowing with interesting facts concerning this little-known neighbor of ours, and not the least interesting feature of its delivery was the ease and confidence with which the essayist ruled off the polysyllabic nightmares, which the Mexicans have invented to distinguish their cities, mountains and rivers. The following are fair specimens of these names: Chihabua, Ixtacehuatl, Coatzacoalcas, Hueyapoxila, Yxtacamaxtlan and Xcoaquistla. The essay was followed by a debate on the question: "Resolved, that Columbus is entitled to more honor for discovering America than Washington for preserving it?" between Messrs. James, 89, and Marsh, '91, in the Affirmative, and Messrs. Lipsitt, '89, and Wardemann, '90, in the Negative. The debaters argued very warmly for their respective heroes, and both sides, as a rule, refrained from disparaging the motives or character of either Washington or Columbus. The judges gave the debate to the negative side. A dialogue followed between Messrs. Bush, '90, and Shuey, '90, and the exercises concluded with a declamation by Mr. Maginn, '89. This is the last literary meeting of the present term.

On St. Patrick's Day "in the morning," the college blossomed out in green, for every man who had a drop of the true old Irish blood in his veins felt it incumbent upon himself to wear the national colors, and many others, who were not Irish, wore it as a mark of respect to the island which has produced some of the brightest intellects that have adorned the literature of any country. One of the students appeared with a three-cornered piece of green ribbon, which inspired one of our professors to remark that the much-worn piece of silk was an illustration of "the wearing of the green." If our readers find themselves unable to appreciate the intricacies of this joke, we will furnish a diagram on application.

The Orangemen turned out in force too, to judge from the number of orange ribbons of all shades which were worn. Perfect good feeling, however, prevailed.

The Vesper Tennis Club held its semi-annual meeting last Saturday morning. The following officers were elected for the ensuing half year: President, H. Gross, '88; Vice-President, H. Bush, '90; Secretary-Treasurer, R. Painter, '89; Committee-men, I. Goldberg, '88, and C. Washburn, '90. The club has twenty-five names upon its roll, and indications point to a very prosperous season.

The March number of the London Deaf-Mute World contains a very good picture of the college building and grounds, and quite a length account of the college is appended. In the February number of the same periodical, there is an extended account of the Christmas pantomime given by the students, the article being clipped from the JOURNAL.

It is said that an effort will soon be made to establish a deaf-mute guild in connection with Ascension Church, similar to the guilds in New York and Philadelphia. Quite a large number of deaf-mutes, mostly graduates of the Columbia Institution, are connected with this parish, and the project is one which deserves success.

Maginn, '89, has at length concluded to accept a permanent appointment as missionary for the Irish Mission to Adult Deaf-Mutes, a position which he has temporarily filled during his vacations for the past two years. He will leave college soon after the Easter recess. The discharge of the duties of his position will require an alternate residence of six months at Cork and Belfast, and monthly circuits of the various stations will have to be made. Mr. Maginn is sorry to leave the College, but feels that the good he will be able to do to the deaf in his native land will quite balance the good he would acquire by remaining at college. We wish him much success.

Visitors are becoming quite numerous at the gymnasium on Thursdays, which are visitor's days. Last Thursday the gallery was quite full, and much interest in the exercises was displayed.

We should have chronicled in a previous letter the fact that the class picture of '83 has been framed and hung in the lyceum, with the pictures

of the other classes. The "Lit" is indebted to Fox, '83, for the photographs of Messrs. Griffin and Reed, which were necessary to complete the picture.

Several of the students visited St. Elizabeth Insane Asylum at Anacostia last Saturday, and the would-be wits of the college are bothering them with queries as to why they did not remain there where they belonged.

Yesterday's Sunday School lesson had for its subject the story of wrestling Jacob, and one of the students innocently asked a professor whether St. Jacob's Oil was not so called, because it was used on Jacob's injured leg. The professor, who did not at first understand the question, replied, "Oh, yes; certainly, indeed!" much to the amusement of the class.

On account of the bursting of the steam pipes, gymnasium exercises were omitted on Friday.

Mr. Arthur Glessner, of the firm of Glessner & Thornburgh, mill-furnishers of Chicago, inspected the college with Prof. Gordon on Tuesday.

Prof. Hotchkiss is laid up with quite a severe attack of rheumatism.

The field in the rear of the College grounds has been plowed from a point a few feet from the asphalt walk which runs to the shop building clear back to the Institution farm house. The result does not materially improve the appearance of the green.

Rev. H. W. Style, of Philadelphia, held a service for the deaf in Ascension Church yesterday afternoon. Quite a number of students were present.

In a former letter, we attributed the failure of the "deficiency bill" to a wrong cause. The bill was in the hands of a conference committee of the two houses, and the committee were unable to agree upon its provisions before an adjournment was reached.

Large flocks of robins have been flying about the green. A welcome and certain sign of spring, notwithstanding the caution—

"'Tis not one blossom makes a spring,
 Nor yet one swallow makes a summer."

The students are beginning to make arrangements for going into camp at Great Falls, and four parties have been formed already. The Easter recess, however, occurs so early in the spring, that it is likely that the campers will have a rather chilly time of it.

Prof. Chickering delivered the afternoon sermon yesterday, his text being: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith," (Ephesians iii, 17). The sermon was a very interesting one to those who listened to it attentively.

Just now the prospects of forming a respectable base-ball club are being eagerly canvassed, and the outlook seems quite hopeful. The men will begin to practice as soon as the weather is settled enough and the ground gets into proper condition. A challenge has already been received from our old antagonists, the Annapolis Naval Cadets. The game will have to be played at Annapolis, as the cadets can not leave the Academy. The challenge will doubtless be accepted.

Saturday being Mrs. J. B. Wight's birthday, she held a reception in the afternoon, at which quite a large number of friends were present.

Standacher, '88, will be the usher of the Kendall School for the third term. Reviewing for examinations has been quite generally begun, and every one has settled down to the work of preparing for the ordeals, which are the terror of the idle student, and certainly not the most pleasant thing imaginable to the studious one.

VAN.

March 21, '87.

Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

TREASURER'S BULLETIN, No. 53.

KENDALL GREEN, WASHINGTON, D. C., March 19, '87.

Received from Alden E. Osgood, Natick, Mass.,	\$3 00
Received through William H. Weeks, from	
Maine,	20 00
New Hampshire,	16 72
Vermont,	22 00
Massachusetts,	147 88
Rhode Island,	51 00
Connecticut,	76 42
	335 00

Received through Frank C. Holloway of Iowa, from Hawkeyes Association of Deaf-Mutes,	10 00
Interest on same,	1 25
Perry Miles,	25
H. B. Bryant,	1 00
F. C. Holloway,	5 00
G. L. Wyckoff,	5 00
Miss H. E. White,	5 00
Miss V. Cowden,	1 00
Chas. W. Goodall,	1 00
E. Olson,	50
D. Ryan,	50
J. Stridger,	50
E. Pyle,	1 00
N. Nicholson,	25
A. Fee,	25
Miss Katie Kinkaid,	50
Mrs. Selma Dixon,	1 00
Miss Nellie Hollingsworth,	25
Gustave Levi,	1 00
J. A. Wetter,	25
Albert Clause,	3 00
G. S. Zerkowich,	25
Charlotte Smith,	25
Thomas O'Donnell,	1 00
	41 00

Total new receipts, Reported last week,	\$79 00
	254 46
Total,	633 46
Less remittance to the U. S. Trust Company,	500 00
	133 46

Total held by Treasurer, Held by U. S. Trust Company,	3,500 00
Other cash already reported,	8,057 07
Total cash,	\$6,600 53

AMOS G. DRAHER, Treasurer.

NEW YORK.

Prof. Jones--Richelieu.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Lenten and Other Notes.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The continuance of Professor W. G. Jones's presentation of Richelieu, which was postponed for want of time about a month ago, took place in the meeting room of the C. L. & B. U., in St. Francis Xavier's College last Wednesday, before an audience that filled every available seat. In fact, "Standing Room Only" was the order before the hands of the clock had reached the quarter hour after eight.

It may be conjectured perhaps, that this was due to the fact no admission's fee was charged. Still it is safe to say the same number would have attended, had the admission price been twenty-five cents, for few there are of our silent community, having any comprehension of the art of sign-making, who could fail to be interested in one of Mr. Jones's discourses, no matter what the subject happened to be. He has a knack of making even the driest subject as interesting as a good subject in the hands of a less experienced sign-maker and lecturer.

Much credit is due to Mr. Wm. Ennis for his admirable management, and we learn from him a course of lectures is under way to be given in behalf of the Gallaudet Memorial Fund. Although the Union has been exceedingly quiet on this matter, they have not been behind in contributing to other entertainments for this purpose, but it is about time they considered doing something for the Fund themselves, and as they have some more than wide awake youngsters among their number, there is no reason to doubt they could raise a couple of hundred dollars that would go to swell the Empire State's contribution to the Fund. Jim Donnelly and Clown Donohue can manage a stereopticon apparatus, while the committee on lectures and debates could manage the other details, if such a course of lectures were given, and we feel confident they would prove highly gratifying to the Union and the Fund also.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly, Mr. and Mrs. Heyman, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, Misses Felver, Nellie Power, Kaler, Nellie and Maggie Kelly, Stein, Strahle, Katie Madden, Williams, Kennedy, Kneer and Messrs. Fitzgerald, Thompson, Bryan, Holland, Peak, Hutton, Mann, Hanover, and others, all the members, and others whom we cannot recollect.

Thursday was St. Patrick's Day, and the heart of every patriotic Irishman went up very near into his mouth, as he thought of the good old times amid the boys in old Ireland, and recalled to mind that it was on the 17th of March that was born the great man, who was to rid the country of all the snakes in the universe, and who though not a born Irishman, has ever been considered the patron saint of the land of the green and the brave. Through the day, the two factions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians paraded both in this city and Brooklyn. Green colors predominated everywhere. In the evening, the sons of St. Patrick sat down to the Annual Banquet at which were present many of our most prominent members of Bench and Bar, and on the whole everything passed off quietly, and the heart of every Irishman was accordingly happy.

We regret that a slip of our pencil, or perhaps it was the mistake of the intelligent compositor who set our last week's article. The date set down for the Guild's Apron and Tie Party is the 12th and not on the 22d of April. The arrangements for the Fair to be held on the 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22d of April, are going rapidly forward. Loads upon loads of knick-knacks of every description will be for sale, and Mrs. Hattie Bailey having charge of the culinary department, will alone vouch for our saying that will be of the highest order, as everything in her charge generally is, provided she be left to her own judgment. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Brown are working like beavers in their efforts to make the Fair a success.

The excursion has created a great deal of talk, it seems, and the predictions cast appear to denote it will be a highly enjoyable and successful affair. The date, we learn, has been decided, on as Tuesday, the 26th of July, and the sail on this day will give all attending both a daylight and moonlight view of the beauties of the Rhine of America, a treat which would be worth coming hundreds of miles to see. The Committee expect to have tickets ready this week, so they say, and look forward to a tremendous demand for them.

A spoony couple have already prepared their programme as to show they will enjoy themselves on the excursion. They have asked to be allowed to land at Iona Island, and want the Long Branch to stop both up and down the river for their sole accommodation. The boat will do that for them and such other couples may wish to get off at Iona Island, provided they are willing to pay costs of stopping and loss of time. The

amount of this cost can be obtained from Treasurer Thomson.

"Little" Lounsbury has placed his pistols, daggers, slung-shots, razors and law-suits in storage, and hied away to the green fields of Connecticut, and is now employed on the *Navigatuck Review*.

What has become of the debating genuses. We have had no debate in so long a time that folks are beginning to tire of the dullness of the season. What say the Empire State Committee to a debate between New York and some of our down-east relations. Fare there and back not much over four dollars. John Lawrence Sullivan might be induced to lend a "hand" in the event of it taking place.

One of "Solid Muldoon's" inveterate enemies has been doing 6th Avenue from 34th to 42d Street, but it appears his little game is not as "solid" as Muldoon would glory over. He is described as a light-complexioned, slim fellow, and is not averse to encountering ladies shopping in the stores he enters, with a slate on which is written "I'm deaf and dumb and hungry." We were mentioned to him by an acquaintance, and he replied he was a stranger in the city.

At St. Ann's, last Sunday, Dr. Gallaudet preached to not a very extraordinary congregation.

At St. Francis Xavier's, Father Freeman held the attention of a very interested assemblage, and is showing great improvement in his sign making.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

A DEAF AND DUMB FORTUNE TELLER.

(From the London Deaf-Mute World.)

The father of Duncan Campbell, a native of one of the Orkney Islands, accompanying some persons who supported themselves by venturing their lives to collect the egg and fowl with which many of the rocks about the smaller islands abound, was, by accident, left behind by the rest of the men in an uninhabited place, called the Noss Brassah, from which he was providentially taken by a Dutch vessel that came about the islands to fish. This ship came from Amsterdam, and after obtaining a sufficient quantity of fish, eggs, and fowl, which they likewise traded in, were making their way home, but just in sight of Amsterdam a terrible storm and hurricane arose which drove them to the coast of Zealand, and a new hurricane coming on there likewise, after losing their masts and rigging, they were driven into Lapland, where Mr. Campbell became acquainted with a beautiful woman, whom he shortly after married and by her he had Mr. Duncan Campbell. Mr. Archibald Campbell losing his wife in about two years after their marriage, returned with his son into Scotland, where he married a second time, and it being discovered his son was deaf and dumb, he caused him to be taught to read and write, by a method then newly discovered by the celebrated Dr. Wallis, of Oxford.

As Duncan Campbell advanced in years, it was found he was gifted with what in Scotland and Lapland is called the second sight, and was consulted as an oracle in matters of love and petty theft. His father, having joined the Marquis of Argyle in his insurrection, his estate became forfeited, and he fled into the Isles, where he died of a broken heart, when his son was only seven years of age. Losing his mother in law in the year 1692, he became a destitute orphan when he had scarcely attained the twelfth year of his age, and was entirely dependent on a person named Campbell, a very distant relation, who after clothing him in a genteel manner, supplied him with money, and sent him to London by sea, with a letter recommending him to the care and protection of the Earl of Argyle, as the head of the clan to whom his family belonged, but before he arrived the Earl had quitted London on a journey to his seat in Scotland. Campbell had not been long in town before he became very much noticed for the accuracy of his predictions, in divination and fortune-telling, and was publicly consulted at the "Buffalo Head" Tavern, at Charing Cross, and was generally noticed as a miracle by those that visited him; though with all his foresight with regard to the fortunes of others, he did not possess the least knowledge of his own, and very narrowly escaped plans formed to molest him, and once was near being murdered by a gang of ruffians, one of whom had been offended by Campbell being the cause of a lady declining him in marriage. He followed the profession of a fortune-teller with good success till the year 1701, when having realized a considerable property, and meeting with some perplexities and malicious ruffs, he dropped his calling, and set up as a fine gentleman, took elegant lodgings, visited and received company, frequented coffee-houses, taverns, fencing schools, balls, and other polite assemblages, until he had exhausted the whole of his means, and was arrested for debt, and sent prisoner to the Marshalsea in Southwark. In this place he lay in confinement six weeks, from whence he got liberated by the assistance of four or five friends, who became acquainted with his imprisonment by mere chance. Two of his benefactors were officers, and going to Flanders, when Duncan Campbell, to whom they communicated the intelligence, prevailed on them to take him in their company, resolving to try his fortune in a military way, having taken an aversion to his former profession of fortune-telling; these generous friends complied with his request, and promised they would make application to Lord Lorne, and having provided him with bag and baggage, a passport was obtained for him through the interest of the brother of Lord Forbes. In a few days, afterwards he went on board, and having a speedy and easy passage, soon arrived at Rotterdam, where, meeting with some English acquaintances, he went with to an adjacent village, to make merry over a homely Dutch entertainment, after which, walking out of sight of his companions, and strolling about by himself, at an unreasonable hour, as they call it there after the bell has tolled, he was taken into custody as a spy, and carried the next day to Williamstadt, and put into close imprisonment for three or four days. Some Scotch gentlemen learning of his misfortune, and having seen him, Mr. Cloytermans, the Painter in Covent Garden, made application to the magistrate and got him released. On the third night after his liberation he got very much in drink, and going boisterously and disorderly along was challenged by a sentinel, and not answering, was near losing his life, the sentinel firing and narrowly missing him; nevertheless he was taken prisoner, but on the examination before the governor's secretary, it was judged better for his future safety to put him on board a Dutch ship called Towfrow Catherine, in order to convey him to England. The misfortune he had encountered entirely cured him of rambling, and reconciled him to the prosecution of his former profession; and he intended, on his arrival in London, to set up for a predictor of fortunes once more, but while each person in the vessel were pleasing themselves with a safe and prosperous passage, a French privateer appeared in sight, crowding all the sail she could, and bearing towards them with all possible haste. The privateer was double-manned, carrying thirty guns, and the Dutchman in comparison wholly defenceless, fell an easy prize to the captors, who stripped the passengers to a man, who had French jackets given to them in exchange for the whole of their wardrobe and other property. The place where they carried their prize to was Denain, and our deaf and dumb prisoner, meeting with some English friars, they so much commiserated his unfortunate case, as by their interest to procure his enlargement, and recommending him to the master of a natural vessel that was ready to sail for the English Channel, he safely arrived at Portsmouth, habited in such poor habiliments as the charity of the friars had procured him. He made no stay at Portsmouth, and on his way to London, luckily at Hampton met with a barber he had formerly known, who enabled him to reach the end of his journey with ease and comfort. On his arrival in town he fortunately found his former lodgings unoccupied in which he practised his art with so much success, and immediately the tidings of the dumb gentleman's being returned home from beyond sea spread through all the neighborhood, and it was noised about from one part of the town to the other, till it went through all ranks and conditions, and was known in a day or two's time, as if he had been some great man belonging to the state, and his arrival had been announced to the public by an extraordinary gazette. The fair sex in particular thronged to his doors in crowd after crowd, to consult him about their future occurrences in life, and among others a lady, the widow of a gentleman of a good estate, and of a very great family, whose name was Digby, enjoying a handsome jointure, seeking the foreknowledge of her own, made the future fortune of Mr. Campbell, for a mutual regard taking place between them, they were shortly after the first knowledge of each other married. The lady is mentioned as young and very agreeable, and Mr. Campbell was remarked, when a

